

**i want you, we can
bring it on the
floor**

drippingcandie

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Summary:

bill thinks that stan is a good boyfriend.

not his of course, no, that'd be weird.

(or, stanley says no everytime his girlfriend asks him to homecoming.)

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Author's Note:

here's a short lil thing. finally posting something for these two losers so i can stop being a hypocrite. hope you enjoy!

It's sophomore year and Bill Denbrough thinks Stan Uris is a good boyfriend.

Not his boyfriend, no, that'd be weird.

Stanley Uris is dating Stephanie Penn. She was kind of bossy, from what Bill could see. She was in book club and on the academic decathlon team. Her brown hair was extremely curly, but always pulled back into a tight ponytail. She wore sweater vests and skirts that hit just above the knee. She walked like she always knew where she was going.

And Stan was always trailing behind her, carrying her books, head towards the ground. It's a peculiar sight. He never corrects her. Never quips at her.

He also never talks about her. It's like he's living some sort of double life. The Loser's have all met her of course, but never has she sat down with them all. Bill has never seen her outside of school. When they all sit down at the quarry, he'd rather backtalk Richie or tell Bill about the latest book he had read. He talked about birds more than he talked about his girlfriend.

Stephanie is also not Jewish, so Bill is curious as to what Mr. Uris thinks about that. But he knows none of that is any of his business, so he doesn't bring it up to his best friend.

Stan never, ever, gives Stephanie a dirty look. Not when she says something incredibly stupid, which Bill knows that she does.

Mostly because she's saying it right now.

Bill isn't a nosy person, but he's trying to find some piece of paper in

his locker. It's probably crumpled but he needs that trig identities reference sheet to pass this quiz next hour. He bets Stan's identities sheet is tucked neatly away in his very orderly locker which is right next to Bill's.

He starts to get up so he can ask if he could maybe borrow it. Stan didn't mind sharing his things as long as it wasn't with Richie, who always returned them destroyed, so Bill is sure he wouldn't mind.

Just as he's picking himself up off the floor, Stephanie's voice floods his ears.

"Hey Stanley." She practically sings, and Bill keeps his head down, continuing to look through his locker.

"Stephanie." It's a warm greeting, regardless of the lack of words. There's a lilt in Stan's voice that Bill can almost place. Like when he's talking to Richie when he gets a little too annoying. Stephanie doesn't seem to notice as she keeps speaking.

"I was just wondering..." Bill knows that her hands are trailing up Stan's arm. She does that a lot and it confuses Bill, mostly because he knows Stan avoids touching people. Not because he's scared of germs like Eddie, but because he's just not a touchy kind of guy.

Stan hums as if to get her to continue. "Maybe...maybe we could go to homecoming?" She says curiously, not exactly 100% confident.

"When is that, again?" Stan, while never unorganized, isn't a human planner. Bill knows he gives absolutely zero fucks about football.

"It's September 23rd." Bill can see her Mary Jane clad feet rock back and forth, almost nervously.

Stan sucks in a breath through his teeth immediately, no hesitation. "My cousin's bah mitzvah is that weekend. I'll be busy on Saturday." He says.

"Well, tell him I said congratulation then." Stephanie sounds very disappointed, but it doesn't bother Stan too much. Bill notices how he doesn't even apologize.

“Bah mitzvahs are for girls.” Stan says, almost absent mindedly. The warning bell rings and Stephanie rushes out a quick apology before claiming she needs to make her way across the high school to get to English.

He has approximately twenty seconds to find this damn paper.

“Here you go.” And it’s Stan’s voice coming from above him, holding a crisp and clean identities sheet. “You know, you let Richie borrow yours last week.”

“Shit, tha-that explains it.” Bill takes the paper and stands up, slinging his backpack over his shoulder. He suddenly feels extremely awkward witnessing that whole display.

“Can you just,” Stan pauses, puts a hand on his forehead. “Make sure that makes it into a folder for once, Bill?”

Bill nods vigorously and Stan turns around to head to his history class. It goes unspoken that Stan’s only female cousin is like....twenty five and already married.

That year at homecoming, Stan calls Bill to tell him that he had just finished one of the books he recommended.

It’s junior year and Bill is starting to think Stan isn’t such a good boyfriend.

Still not his boyfriend, of course. That’d be weird.

He’s dating Brittany Chester. She’s a quiet thing. She doesn’t like talking all that much and she wears the same button up blouse and khaki skirt everyday. It’s a nice, clean look, which he is sure why Stan is attracted to her.

It seems like he can be himself more with Brittany than he could be with Stephanie. They banter back and forth, she never gets upset about it. It’s a peculiar sight.

Stan talks about her at the quarry sometimes, where all six of them

still hang out. It's not like she puts stars in the sky or anything, but he'll offhandedly mention how she helped him study or how he helped her reorganize her binders. It's cute, Bill thinks.

Brittany isn't bossy at all, but she has this...way of speaking that makes people want to listen. Brittany actually talks to Bill. He wouldn't say they're friends, but she sits with him and Stan at lunch.

Which is where he has a severe sense of *deja vu*.

"Stan," she turns towards him with a confidence that Bill only wishes he could possess sometimes. "Would you, uh, would you want to go to homecoming with me?"

Bill looks down at his lunch and thinks it's a weird question. They're going out. Stan drives her to school in the mornings. They've probably kissed. They hold hands in the hallway. So why does she have to ask. There's some kind of weird feeling in Bill's chest as Brittany waits for her answer.

Stan looks apprehensive at the question, setting down his sandwich and methodically wiping off his hands with a thin paper napkin. "Dances aren't really my thing, Brittany."

And the weird feeling in his chest suddenly disappeared. He's starting to wonder if it's jealousy, but no. Stan is just his best friend. Why would he be jealous of Stan's girlfriend? It's a completely different dynamic.

Brittany seems a little upset, but she just goes back to eating the salad that she packs for lunch everyday. Bill looks over to Stan, making eye contact.

It only takes a split moment to realize what Stan is trying to communicate, which is plans.

So that year at homecoming, Stan and Bill try to figure out origami and paper folding in Bill's room.

It's senior year and Bill realizes that maybe Stan doesn't like being

anyone's boyfriend.

And that includes being his because, yeah, that'd be weird.

Stan hasn't dated a girl since Brittany broke up with him, which earns him some comments from Richie. "Stan the man! No longer getting your dick wet, huh?" And everyone laughed, except Stan obviously.

Bill's chuckle was just a knee jerk reaction.

They're all congregating in the parking lot when it happens again.

Bill is climbing into the passenger seat of Stan's car, while Ben is climbing in the back. Next to Stan's car, Richie and Eddie were in Richie's beaten up hatchback. Mike's beaten pickup was on the other side.

"Hey!" Richie yells out his window over the sounds of the engines. "Kasprak and me are going to homecoming! Ya'll want to third, fourth, fifth, and sixth wheel?" Eddie is blushing furiously behind him and yeah, that's cute. Bill feels jealousy pool in his stomach.

Ben seems excited, and Bill thinks about it.

"I'll think about it!" Stan says, pulling out of the parking space before Bill can get his answer out.

They drop Ben off at his house first, just like they always do. Their friend waves goodbye before disappearing into his white picket fenced house. The ride is usually quiet after that. Bill has never been that much of a talker, but sometimes Stan will rattle off something about those birds he likes and Bill will tell him about some book he had been reading as of late.

Bill leans his head against the window and watches the passing trees. Before he knows it, Stan is pressing his foot on the break and slowing down in front of his house.

Bill really doesn't want to get out of the car. There's a thought that's itching in the back of his mind. He wants to rip it off like a band aid.

“You should come.”

“What do you mean, Bill?” Stan doesn’t comment on how he doesn’t stutter once, doesn’t even blink twice.

“To the dance. W-with me.” The nerves and butterflies are dancing all in his stomach. Bill isn’t sure if actually bringing it up was a smart idea. He has to salvage it so-

“I’d like that.”

“And the other losers.”

They spit out at the same time. Bill looks taken aback, but Stan is smiling, curls surrounding his perfect, stupid face. He sees it falter a bit when Bill amends the previous statement, but it’s a quick recovery.

“I want to go with you.” He says, and Bill has never been more confused in his whole entire life.

“As friends.” The stuttering boy says dumbly, as if it’s all going right over his head.

“No. Like...Like how Richie and Eddie are going.”

Bill’s heart is soaring through his fucking chest. Because Stan just said like Eddie and Richie and Eddie and Richie are boyfriends.

“Yeah. I-uh-I would like th-that. A-a lot.” It’s his nerves again, and there’s some sort of warm, funny feeling bubbling in the back of his throat. “I’ll s-see you tomorrow.” He begins to climb out of the car.

“Wait!” Stan almost yells. Bill stops in his tracks.

Stanley Uris leans over and presses a very confident kiss to Bill’s cheek. So Stanley Uris didn’t mind displays of affection like he thought.

That year at homecoming, Bill and Stan slow danced in the janitor’s closet.

Author's Note:

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